

Too Much Bubbly?

(By: The Camay Kid)

This is not the story I promised for Janice, but was inspired by events last night...hope you enjoy

I'm still feeling the effects of too much "bubbly," but can't deny that the New Year is off to a clean start.

It all began after dinner last night when I went to the kitchen to wash the dishes. Sara, my SO Disciplinarian, ordered me to undress completely and put on my pink gingham bib-top apron. She used her special wooden spoon sporadically to help me with doing the dishes. When I was done cleaning up the kitchen, she sent me off to take a shower, brush my teeth, and shave and report back to her in the laundry room in "just your towel." I knew Sara meant not wrapping the towel around my waist, but tucking it securely under my armpits so the edge of the towel barely came to the top of my thighs ("girlie-style" as she liked to tease me).

"So, is my naughty boy ready for his New Years Eve date, it'll be just us three - you, me and Miss Ivory?" Sara asked with a smile as she examined the closeness of my shave. I could feel the color rise in my cheeks. The laundry room was filled with the steamy scent of Ivory soap. I noticed the floor was covered with a pink bath sheet over an old shower curtain and there were three red rubber enema bags hanging on a coat tree beside the little plastic baby bathtub she put me in sometimes. I could see already it was going to be a very wet celebration. She reached into a small bowl on the counter beside the sink and fished out a very soft gooey Ivory soap suppository. She makes them from cutting a bar of Ivory in half lengthwise. This one, she told me, had been soaking in hot water several hours. "Bend over." She applied steady slow pressure as the soft thick Ivory stick penetrated my rectum. She pushed until it was completely inside. "Sit," she told me, pointing to my punishment stool she'd set in front of the sink. I sat on the folded towel covering the low stool and felt the Ivory settle deep inside me, its warm bulk an unwelcome presence. "Hands behind your back, chin up." Sara tied a pink towel around my neck like a bib, pushed me forward so my chin was over the edge of the sink, and draped the edge of the towel over the rim. She filled the sink with hot water and added a new cake of Ivory. When she saw my reaction (she knows I detest the smell and taste of Ivory), she giggled "It's Ivory time tonight, baby. You been neglecting Miss Ivory this year, clearly not spending enough time with her. Maybe if you're good in the New Year, I'll treat you to some Camay suds." I tried not to make a face, but she still noticed. "That will cost you, young man. Your mouth needs a good thorough cleaning out with Ivory." She dropped a pink washcloth in the sink and instructed me to start lathering the Ivory in it. Sara directed as I rolled the soap over and over in the washcloth, dunking it and squeezing out the abundant thick suds repeatedly. I continued for at least ten minutes until she took over the lathering. She did so with much more vigorous rubbing and energetic scrubbing that made the Ivory lather pile up ominously. With the sink heaped with steamy rich suds like a gathering storm, she


loaded the washcloth with a quivering Ivory mountain and began circling my face adding more and more suds as she scooped and swished, even pushing my face down into the mass of Ivory getting soapsuds up my nose and in my ears as she scrubbed. I burbled and sputtered like a soapy submarine each time she let me surface for a gulp of air. Eventually she resoaped the washcloth until it was totally saturated with Ivory and crammed it deep into my mouth with an evil chuckle, thrusting back and forth over my tongue and gums and the insides of my cheeks. Suds billowed out of my lips and down my chin. I sputtered big bubbles around my nose and mouth as I tried to catch air between her soapy attacks. Sara enjoyed her effect on me and laughed at the soapy spectacle she was creating of my face and mouth. She concluded this introduction to our evening by inserting the softened bar of Ivory well into my mouth until I almost gagged. She told me to keep it there as she turned to fill the baby bath with the Ivory suds from the sink. I moved from the stool into the small tub, with my legs dangling out to the sides, knees spread wide as I had been taught. Sara retrieved the Ivory from my mouth and began covering my entire torso with it, using a short-handled bathbrush to scoop and scrub the suds from my knees to my chin, all over my tummy and back, and under my arms. My nipples and between my legs soon got extra-special attention from her brush, but I knew better than to protest or show any sign of displeasure - since the taste of Ivory was already overpowering in my mouth. Soon I was a squirming mound of thick white Ivory. I strained to move from sitting to my hands and knees so Sara could work her bathbrush over my bottom and between my cheeks. She scrubbed across my crack for at least a full minute. Before I knew it, she was skimming her razor over my soap-covered bottom and between my cheeks. "Turn around, so I can tidy up the front and down there between your legs," Sara said with a slight edge to her voice. She ran her hand over the places she'd shaved to check for smoothness. I shivered and gasped. Finally, she told me to stand in the tub so she could pour pitchers of hot water over me and rinse me down. She dried me in a big fluffy pink towel and sat me back down at the sink for a shampoo. For Sara, a shampoo meant not just washing my hair, but my whole head got a thorough lathering, everything from the neck up. She doused my head in the sink and poured a substantial amount of baby shampoo on my hair and began to work up a big lather. "No tears," she reminded me with a grin, "isn't that nice, baby?" She switched to a big bath sponge loaded with more shampoo and circled my entire face, neck and head over and over until I was lost in a cloud. I could only feel the bristles of her scrub brush as she went at my ears firmly again before sweeping across my face a few more times succeeding to get more suds up my nose and inside my mouth. After she rinsed the piles of shampoo away, she wrapped my head in a towel and rubbed briskly. When I could see again, she looked at me in the mirror over the sink and smiled as she twisted the pink towel around my head in a turban. "Aren't you my little Ivory cutie!" she exclaimed, knowing from my blush and other uncontrollable responses how her teasing humiliation got to me. "Now that you're nice and clean outside, we have to clean you all out inside...Ivory - where no soapsuds have ever gone before (she added in a deep dramatic voice)"

She put me on my hands and knees on the floor over the towel and shower curtain. "We wouldn't want poor baby to catch a chill, now, would we - since he's all fresh from a warm bath?" Sara picked up her dreaded paddle-style hairbrush and proceeded to

spank my upturned cheeks alternately one side and the other for about a minute. "There's a pretty pink for my baby's bottom, Mmmmm, so nice and warm." She caressed her hand over my hot skin and put the hairbrush down. "Lie down on your back, sweetie. Feet up on the stool." I did as I was told, leaving myself totally exposed and accessible. I lay there watching as she filled a large container with hot water, mixed in some Ivory soap and then poured a quantity of lemon juice into the sudsy froth and stirred it all vigorously. I knew from what I'd read about the cleansing effects of a soap and lemon juice enema that this would be a new experience, and I shuddered in anticipation. Sara was eager to try it out on me for a real cleaning out on New Years Eve. She transferred the soapy lemony mix into one of the enema bags and attached her favorite large knob-shaped nozzle, the one I couldn't push out without assistance. She ran hot water over the nozzle for a few seconds and then rubbed it over the soft bar of Ivory soap until it was entirely coated. "Open wide and give Miss Ivory some attention with your tongue while I give the other end some serious soapy attention," she said as she reintroduced the Ivory into my now-compliant mouth. She kneeled down beside me and pressed the soapy nozzle against my anus. I closed my eyes tightly and pressed my lips around the bar of Ivory. "Relax, baby, we're just going to give you a thorough cleaning out. Now be a good boy and take some slow deep breaths." She twisted and pushed until the nozzle stretched and widened its way inside. I could feel a burn just from the soap on the nozzle. I heard that fearful click of the valve flicked open and momentarily the flow of warm fluid began entering my bowels. To call the feeling of this new mixture a "tang" would not be exact, but it definitely had a different feeling to it, more than warmth, almost a slow burn. Sara made me retain it for several minutes, time which she used to good advantage by giving me several dozen more spanks with her hairbrush while my legs were upraised. I looked at her with pleading eyes as I could feel the waves of cramps coming on. She looked down, gave my tummy a firm massaging and smiled at me. "Getting you nice and clean, is it? All those Ivory suds and cleansing lemon juice?" Just the reminder of what she had filled me with was enough to make the cramps come faster and stronger. I groaned. "Oh, has baby had too much bubbly? Naughty baby." More spanks accompanied by orders to do my kegel exercises on the nozzle, pulling it in and then trying to push it out. That resulted in draining the enema bag empty. I was stretched full and then some, but the Ivory between my lips kept me from expressing my opinions at the moment escape for an occasional escaping bubble. Sara ran her fingertip around my soapy lips and pursed her own lips in a kiss. After amusing herself at my predicament long enough, she allowed me to crawl to the toilet and release the building pressure in my bowels, coming in an urgent torrent along with the partly-dissolved suppository. When it was over, she made me squat back over the little tub of soapy water, and with her scrub brush cleaned between my cheeks again. Sara led me off to the bedroom where she had laid out a large fluffy towel, some diaper pins, rubber panties and a vibrating butt plug. She rubbed my crotch with lotion, caressing all the well-scrubbed nooks and crannies as I struggled not to wiggle but couldn't refrain from cooing appropriately and responding physically to her intimate touch. After fitting the butt plug in me and pinning the towel on, she slid the rubber panties up into place and ordered me to my knees to help her ring in the New Year by showing my total devotion. "Let's see that nice clean pink tongue, baby. You know what to do." Now she'd transformed me into a sweet spanking clean baby to greet 2007. Out

with the old, in with the new - for sure! There was definitely a submissive buzz radiating from within that stimulated me to show Sara just how much I appreciated her caring discipline and getting me off to a clean start.

This morning, still feeling some bittersweet internal rumbles, I rose early to bring her a bedside cup of coffee when she awoke. When I went down to the laundry room the lingering scent of Ivory brought back a mix of sensations about last night. I tidied up the room so it would be fresh when Sara woke up. I looked over at the sink and noticed the bar of Ivory soap from last night (Miss Ivory) spattered with dried bubbles and a few teeth marks, signs of a lusty party, I mused wryly? I thought wistfully of the impression the Ivory had left on me as well. Should such an "auld acquaintance be forgot" indeed! Not likely, knowing Sara. Lying across the Ivory was my toothbrush and next to it a note from Sara - "Get your New Year off to a nice clean Ivory start. Be a good boy and brush your teeth, then come in and kiss me. Happy New Year, Love, Sara PS. Bring my hairbrush with you, too. "

Hope your New Years is off to a nice clean start, too and you rang in the New Year as warmly as we did. Right now I've gotta go brush my teeth. wish me luck 

the Camay Kid